

MANY NEW FEATURES APPEARING IN FALL SPORTS CLOTHES

Materials of Extra Weight Used, With Wool More Popular Than Silk for Sweaters—Colors Still of the Gayest in Many Items

By ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD.

SUMMER sports clothes have been extraordinarily gay and amusing. That their gayety and piquancy would be always a foregone conclusion. It is always so with a fashion that runs a violent course. Some of the things that have been perpetrated in the name of sports dress; but, on the whole, the pieces where summer crowds resort have been more picturesque than usual and now the early autumn season, giving sweaters and coats and scarfs fuller swing than did midsummer, is putting a still stronger accent upon sports clothes.

There are new models for such purposes, plenty of them; and, though they bear a general family resemblance to the models of the summer, many of them have new features and the materials are taking on a little extra weight.

The wool sweaters of the heavier sort are receiving more attention than was given them earlier; and even the woman who has been extravagant in the matter of silk sweaters now supplements her supply by a smart woolen sweater or two—or more.

Heavier weights in the popular wool jersey are being shown and bright colored woolsens of the velours de laine class, gray chevrons and homespuns, velveteens, etc., are coming to the front in the shape of sports suits and sports coats.

Wool coats of velours de laine we have had all summer, soft, light, delectable things with which the dust of motoring played havoc, though women could not resist wearing them over dusty roads, and the new coats and suits are in the same soft, bright colors, have the same velvety texture, though their materials go by various names—chinchilla cloth, moquette, suede cloth, etc., all differing a little in finish and weave, but alike in general character.

The chevrons, homespuns and similar stuffs are, of course, far more practical than the velvety surfaced woolsens, if not so beautiful, and one may have these cloths in beautiful new blues and yellows and rose tones, light, bright and soft, though without the bloom of the velvet finish wool. Suits of these materials, strictly tailored and on the accepted modified Norfolk and Russian lines, are exceedingly good looking.

Gabardines and serges of like character make up well, too, and there are some attractive tweeds and homespuns of darker tones, bronze greens, dull coppery reds, warm reddish violets, bright browns, that are as likeable as they are serviceable for autumn sports wear.

And then there are the plaids and checks—quantities of new ones in subdued, yet warm colorings, that are used, if not for whole sports suits, at least for sports skirts, with coats of



A sports coat of velveteen, a suit of yellow jersey cloth with a moleskin cape and one of light blue jersey cloth with seal.

Leather, as Well as Fur, Receiving Attention for Collars, Belts and Buttons, Suede Being Adapted in Fetching Autumn Models

sweaters of plain tone to harmonize with the skirt. Suits have been an ultra modish sportswear material during the late season, and certain soft, heavy "sport satins" are shown in a wonderful line of glowing colors; but while the satin or silk coat and sweater are charming, one will soon need warm coats for wear over them.

Jersey cloth, both silk and wool, has had a remarkable vogue, and the wool jersey, as has been said before, is still in demand, although in heavier weights and usually fur trimmed. For that matter the summer sweater or sports coat has gone effectively, if inconspicuously, fur trimmed when its owner could afford the fur, but autumn is bringing a more pronounced use of fur on sports goods, fur collars, wide fur bands on the coat bottoms, narrow fur bands and edgings. The short hair furs are used as a general thing—mole and beaver and seal and rabbit, especially rabbit, which is quite likely to assume the guise of mole or other pelts as well as to figure frankly in its own form.

Many of the autumn sports coats are longer than the average of summer sweaters too—and these lend themselves gracefully to the deep fur bandings.

One good looking sports suit which is pictured on this page has the long coat lines with much fullness below the narrow belt and hip set on pockets whose fullness was held by buckles of the material—a soft wool in one of the soft, bright, rather light blues. Trimming of seal was cleverly applied on collar and coat front, but not used elsewhere.

Leather as well as fur is receiving more attention from the designers of sports clothes now that cool weather is at hand, and collars, cuffs, belts, buttons of suede are used not only on coats but even on the new, heavy silk sweaters. A sweater of rose silk, for example, has its high, close soft collar, its cuffs, its big buttons and its wide buckled belt of dull blue suede, and a stunning blue silk sweater is cuffed and collared and half belted in gray suede.

Soft, fuzzy Angora collars and cuffs take the place of fur or leather in the collars and cuffs of some knitted wool sweaters, and, especially in white, are exceedingly becoming. Occasionally a designer has been kind enough to make these fluffy white wool collars and cuffs adjustable so that they may be worn with a dark sweater or not, according as their owner wants to be practical or effective, and the scheme is a good one.

Slip over sweaters of jersey, to be put on over the head and loosely girdled, are made up in various models and are often attractive as well as comfortable. The slip overs are shown in knitted Shetland and other lightweight yarns and in charming colors.

MUCH MAY BE DONE WITH JUST POTATOES

THERE was once an old woman famous for a certain kind of cake she could make and which none of her neighbors could equal nor duplicate, for when asked for the recipe she would only and always reply: "Why, you take three eggs."

Being expert in cooking, it was beyond her comprehension that any one with such a specification could fail to know how to do all the rest.

In obtaining the following recipes for preparing potatoes the representative of THE SUNDAY SUN met with something of the same experience, for to the skilled mind of H. Rapp, maître d'hôtel of the Hotel Savoy, it seemed incomprehensible that any one could fail in cooking "just potatoes." But as potatoes supply a definite portion of every meal served and as in the majority of homes they are varied 365 days a year from boiled to mashed and from mashed to baked or German fried, it is important for the successful housewife to know that many things can be done to make potatoes an acceptable item of the menu.

And so Mr. Rapp, who has long been at the head of the Savoy dining department, consented to prepare especially for THE SUNDAY SUN the following potato recipes:

POTATO AU GRATIN—Have potatoes freshly boiled, peeled, hashed, placed in a saucepan with a little grated nutmeg, salt and pepper; cover them with a good, heavy cream or cream sauce; let it boil, stirring once in a while with a wooden spoon. Butter the bottom of a baking dish, transfer the potatoes to it, spread the surface with freshly grated Swiss cheese, baked until golden brown.

STUFFED POTATO SKINNETS—Select even sized potatoes; bake 45 minutes; cut them lengthwise, scoop out the interiors into a bowl, season with grated nutmeg, freshly ground white pepper, salt, chopped parsley, chopped ham and tongue, a little cream and butter. Mix well, then fill up the shells. Spread over them a little grated Parmesan cheese; bake in very hot oven until very brown.

SWEET POTATOES, SOUTHERN STYLE—Have potatoes boiled; cut in slices half an inch thick; fry them in butter for a few minutes, then transfer them into a baking dish, cover with syrup and brown molasses; bake in a very hot oven 5 minutes. This dish served with roast Virginia ham is delicious.

POTATOES LYONNAISE—Have potatoes freshly cooked, peeled and cut in round slices very thin; fry gently a finely sliced onion until tender; then add the potatoes, season with salt and pepper, tossing once in a while, and give a nice omelette form. Let them acquire a very good golden color. Turn onto a hot dish and serve with broiled lamb or mutton chops.

POTATO COQUETTE—Have potatoes as per mashed, without milk; add four yolks of eggs per pound of pulp, season

well with salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Divide into equal parts, rolling them in a little flour and giving them a cork shape. Dip them in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs; fry in boiling fat about five minutes. Serve with pot roast.

POTATOES MACARIE—Scoop large, freshly baked potatoes into a frying pan where you have previously added a little fresh butter, season well with salt, pepper, nutmeg and chopped parsley. Toss them once in a while, giving them a pancake form; brown well on both sides; serve with broiled steak.

POTATO CHATEAUBRAND—Have potatoes cut in olive form, selecting for this purpose the very small ones; fry them in butter to a golden brown about 15 minutes; drain them; transfer them into a pan with a tablespoonful of sweet butter, salt, pepper, a little chopped parsley. Toss them well before serving. This dish is to be served with roast veal.

POTATO SALAD, GERMAN STYLE—Have potatoes freshly cooked and peeled while hot, sliced half inch thick; add to it a very finely sliced onion, a little chopped parsley and some freshly fried bacon cut in dice, not forgetting to add also the fat from it, a little salt, pepper and the juice of a lemon, or a little vinegar. Serve in heart of lettuce leaves with cold assorted meats.

SAVING THE RUG.

WHILE stopping at a new and expensively furnished hotel, a guest spilled a bottle of ink on a costly velvet rug, light blue and pink in color. A friend who was calling on her at the time quitted her fears by assuring her that she would "fix it so that not the slightest stain would be left."

First she had a quart of fine table salt sent up at once. Sifting the salt through her fingers she covered the ink spot entirely. To all appearances there was nothing but a pile of fine table salt on the rug.

Over this she placed a heavy chair, cautioning the guest not to disturb it nor to allow the maid to do so. After promising to return the next afternoon to finish the job she went cheerfully about her own affairs.

True to her word she made her appearance the following afternoon, and, calling for a dust pan and whisk broom, removed the salt. There was not the slightest stain of ink on the rug. The salt having been carefully sifted on the spot had slipped into the pile and absorbed all the ink. Of course the salt, except a thin layer on the outside of the pile, was as black as ink could make it.

This method of preventing ink stains is as effective as it is simple. The secret of success lies in acting promptly, having fine salt, sifting it on the spot so slowly and gently that it slips into the goods, and allowing it to remain undisturbed until it is bone dry. Then it may be safely removed with a whisk broom and dust pan.

VARIED ACTIVITIES OF WOMEN

SUFFRAGISTS have liked many times when they didn't have to.

On divers occasions, when trains everywhere were running on regular schedules, they have tramped through the mud and dust from New York to Washington or to Albany or to other places just merely as an object lesson that women were physically able to walk to the polls. They have marched in great numbers up Fifth avenue and down again, for no other purpose than to impress the populace. William H. Maxwell, city superintendent of schools, came out for votes for women at an educational meeting some months ago on no other ground apparently than that General Roswell Jones's suffrage army had taught women the lost art of walking.

Now comes the time when the muscles, hardened by these volunteer tramps, will find a real use—maybe. There's a railroad tieup set for September 4—maybe a suffrage convention opening at Atlantic City September 6. How are the thousands or more delegates who have enrolled to represent all the States to reach Atlantic City if the trains don't run? Will they give up and stay at home, allowing mere men to say: "Huh! Women claim to be strong enough to vote and they let a little thing like a railroad strike interfere with their convention?" Surely not.

What an object lesson it would be to the anti if the roads of this broad land were to blossom out with hosts of suffragists hiking to Atlantic City bearing banners with slogans such as: "Trains may stop, but suffragists never!" and so on. Of course, some of the delegates might be a little late, but they would have shown their determination. Those living furthest away might make the trip by automobile in the suffrage convoys from the voting States to President Wilson last winter.

Perhaps the calmness with which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt goes on making preparations for the convention in the face of the threatened strike is born of her knowledge of suffrage prowess in tramping and chaffing. She says she has assurances from Cabinet members and Republican and Democratic leaders in Congress that the strike, if it takes place, will be postponed a couple of weeks or so, not to suffer the suffrage cause. But Mrs. Catt is enough of a politician to know what assurances are worth. She is trusting in her brave hikers.

Here's a calamity! Here's a situation that's bound to make every feminine nose in New York city wrinkle in fear and dismay! It has just been discovered that thousands of powder-puffs swarming with infantile paralysis germs have been let loose in New York and are now on the dressing tables of innumerable women, lying in wait to do their deadly work.

It was the Consumers League and Health Officer T. Dudley Ballinger of Orange, N. J., that made this discovery. The powder-puffs, it seems, were made by Polish and Italian women in Jersey, in their own homes, and in many of the houses were children lying sick with infantile paralysis. Right in the tenements where the little sufferers lay women went industriously on manufacturing the fluffy toys for women to beautify their noses. Naturally the Polish and Italian women wanted to pay the landlord and the delicatessen man and so forth, and how were they to know about germs until the health officers came and told them? And perhaps not even then. "A number of Eastern women are enlisted to go out there and try to influence the women voters," she said last week, "but the Western women are not responding. I have in my possession numbers of letters from leading women in Nevada, Washington, California, etc., declaring that when the emissaries of the Congressional Union came around absolutely no attention was paid to them. The women will vote as the men do—according to their convictions—at least," added Miss Roswell, who is something of a politician after all these years, "they won't give their votes at the

Association, who has run the woman's part of Presidential campaigns under the Republican National Committee ever since Mrs. J. Ellen Foster died—and was Mrs. Foster's right hand before her death—Miss Roswell says that the woman's party is "all on paper," that it is nothing but a bluff.

When one person who ought to know says that a certain thing is a mountain, and another person who ought to know says it is a molehill, what is anybody to think? Take the woman's party, now, lately organized among the women voters of those twelve States out West for the avowed purpose of pulling down the returns of political parties that block

say that if the women of Europe can run trains, drive buses, farm, make munitions, and otherwise take the places of men while the latter are at war, surely the women of America can put their hands to the helm in a crisis such as a nationwide railroad strike. Bloomers are a prominent part of the costume they advise. How many of the suffrage have bloomers? Dress reformers like Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale undoubtedly have them on hand. Mrs. Hale wears them at her household duties because she rightly considers skirts a nuisance and unsanitary. But probably the generality of women, even suffragists, are short on bloomers. If they want to come to the rescue of their country and run the trains they had better call the tailor at once, for the strike, if strike there be, is not a long way off.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

"NOW, you," said Lucinda to Brother Claude, "you can hide your chin if you wish. If it is weak and receding, or too big or too little, or in any way ill shaped, you can cover it up with whiskers. If a man has a fine, strong, handsome chin he may keep it smooth shaven; but if there is anything the matter with it he knows what he can do. A good barber can map out for him whiskers in a design to give his chin the best possible proportions; and it is so as to his entire physiognomy.

"With whiskers a man can change his natural face to one of becoming architecture; but can a woman do this? Never! A woman has to take her face, for better or for worse, as nature gave it to her; and this is only one of many ways in which, as compared with man, woman is placed at a great disadvantage."

"But surely," said Brother Claude, "you wouldn't want to grow whiskers on your chin, Lucinda."

"Oh, well," said Lucinda, "perhaps not. But still—"

PAGING AT THE MOVIES.

THROUGH the various public rooms in the hotel the call boy moves, shouting at intervals, "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Smith." He is paging Mr. Smith. But he may miss him after all, for here Mr. Smith can shift about, and so he might miss the call. Paging is done not only silently but more effectively at the movies, where everybody stays in one place and where every eye is fixed on one spot.

At a big uptown movie theatre after one act of pictures there was thrown upon the screen the customary series of announcements of pictures to come, and then this, which was wholly unexpected and interesting:

MR. SMITH IS WANTED

AT THE BOX OFFICE.

WOMEN MAY DINE WELL AND STILL BE SLENDER

HOW to make dining a gastronomic delight is a culinary experiment now having a tryout at one of New York's big hotels.

Each menu has attached to its upper left hand corner a card on which are listed the non-fat forming dishes for the day. In this way no invidious aspersions are cast on a guest's physique, and should Jack Spratt and his wife drop in some night for dinner they would be handed identical menus, even though the nursery rhyme tells us that their ideas on the fattest diet are diametrically opposed. In this way one may choose eat thin dishes without divulging a fear of obesity except to the discreet waiter who takes the order. One may diet in serene composure in the grill, the main restaurant or even on the roof, for the prescribed dishes include combinations of food suited to all the regular meals of the day and night.

Seekers after slenderness soon learn the trick of ordering from the special card, which insures a meal both substantial and appetizing, though free from fat forming elements. While breakfasts are preferably confined to toast, toasted gluten bread and tea or coffee, a small bit of broiled fish, a chop or an egg is allowable. Ordered from the special card the broiled fish will have no butter spread as it comes hot from the broiler, and the chop will be noticeably free from the customary margin of crispy brown fat. The poached egg will rest on a slice of toasted gluten bread, guileless of butter. But why complain? An afternoon breakfast test of the scales next about a half pound gone since the same time yesterday, and meantime one is not paying the usual ten cent charge for rolls and butter.

A summer luncheon may commence with jellied bouillon, but this is the only type of soup allowed, as all meats are supposed to be dry, even tea or coffee being prohibited except at breakfast. A savory hors d'œuvre of cold fish with sauce mignonette or a tomato surprise makes a permissible luncheon dish for a person on the fattest diet. All plain green salads as well as cold boiled vegetables, excepting potatoes, corn, beans and a few others, are an important feature of the flesh reducing diet. With these is served a special salad dressing which the professional salad maker regards more as a sauce piquante. An amateur can easily mix this, as it requires even less skill than the ordinary French dressing. Here it is:

Into a large cup put a thin shaving of onion, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and a quarter teaspoonful each of salt, dry mustard and paprika. Moisten with two tablespoonsful of vinegar and two tablespoonsful of tomato catsup. Mix briskly, remove the bit of onion and pour the dressing over the salad. To this may be added finely chopped green or red peppers. Fresh or stewed fruit is usually suffi-

cient for a final course at luncheon, though water ices are allowed where the diet is not rigidly followed. They are considered more in the light of a beverage than a dessert.

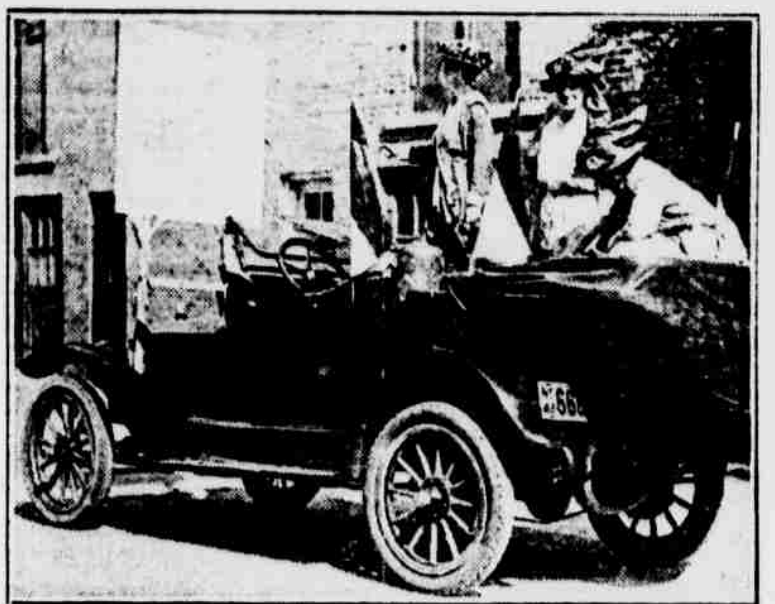
It is at dinner that the hotel steward is on his mettle in dieting the night-terns of the hotel, for he realizes that he is catering to epicures whose delight in food is accountable for their embonpoint. To see such a one eating with undiminished relish a dinner free from every objectionable element is a culinary triumph. The menu of the night-terns of the hotel includes clam cocktail, broiled chicken gizzards with fresh mushrooms, roast lamb, mint sauce, broiled scallops, romaine salad, cantaloupe. To those who have never tried broiled scallops a pleasure is yet in store. There is an element of the fancy in the broiling of the fish, and the flavor is correspondingly more pronounced.

For an after the theatre supper while there are many "thou shalt nots" to tempt the heavy weight, all the appetizing dishes do not belong in this category. A very modest menu of fried oysters, served with special dressing, is a suitable order on the roof garden or in the grill. Mixed cold cuts with asparagus, more hearty, and there is a specially devised chop sandwich which combines the maximum of nourishment and the minimum of forbidden food. It goes without saying that the best made from gluten bread. On this is laid slices of chicken breast, then white leaves of lettuce dipped in the prescribed dressing. Last of all comes a slice of raw tomato with a special dressing. The result is a dish of which one can prove that dieting isn't so bad after all.

SAVING OLD MAIL BAGS.

THE results and proper maintenance of mail bags is an established fact at Washington and the number repaired and placed in good condition in the last year was a million.

One of the difficulties connected with this repairing process was the accumulated dirt and dust which attached to these bags when returned from the service. A system was finally adopted consisting of large tumbling barrels each having a capacity of several hundred bags. Driven rapidly by electric power, the dust confined to a tightly constructed room and carried off by blowers and lodged in immense canvas receptacles, resembling a druggist's bag, when it started, this process was found thoroughly suitable. Four thousand a day are treated by this process. The life of a mail bag is about six years, but the rough usage to which it is exposed makes many of them unfit for repair. Such bags as still have good material makes what is known as "spiced bags." Many are thus reclaimed and returned to service. The advent of the parcel post has made it necessary to change the repair shop, because at times it was found impossible to obtain bags from the service in quantities sufficient to meet the demand. A manufacturing factory was therefore added, and in the last two years more than 250,000 bags have been produced.



Miss Alice Morgan Wright's car can show suffrage screen pictures on the way to Atlantic City.

the Federal amendment. Is it a great, resistless movement that is going to push President Wilson with the loss of many of those 4,000,000 women's votes that would have gone to him if he'd been good and told his party "But the Susan B. Anthony amendment through?" Or is it a bluff, an empty show?

Alice Paul, head of the Congressional Union, which is the parent of the woman's party, says it has waxed mighty. She says it is organized thoroughly in every district of the twelve States; that many scores of women are working in each State as organizers, speakers, bill posters, etc.; that the Western women are responding fervently to the call of their Eastern sisters, and that on election day they will mobilize, even as the Crusaders of old, in the support of an ideal. And she shows lists of women, very able women, who have departed, or are about to depart, for the West to push this work.

But on the other hand, Helen Varick Howell, chairman for many years of the National Republican Women's

Association, who has run the woman's part of Presidential campaigns under the Republican National Committee ever since Mrs. J. Ellen Foster died—and was Mrs. Foster's right hand before her death—Miss Roswell says that the woman's party is "all on paper," that it is nothing but a bluff.

When a woman leader in the party that the woman's party sets out to help by opposing the other party takes this view it is very confusing.

How would the public like to have pretty suffragists punch their railroad tickets and coupling the cars it rides in? Do not laugh, for this may come to pass if the great strike comes. Miss Caroline Katzenbach, executive secretary of the Equal Franchise Society, and Miss Mary H. Ingram, its vice-president, make the suggestion. They